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In
Memoriam.
William S. George



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In Memoriam.

William S. George.

BORN MARCH 3, 1825.

DIED DEC. 27, 1881.

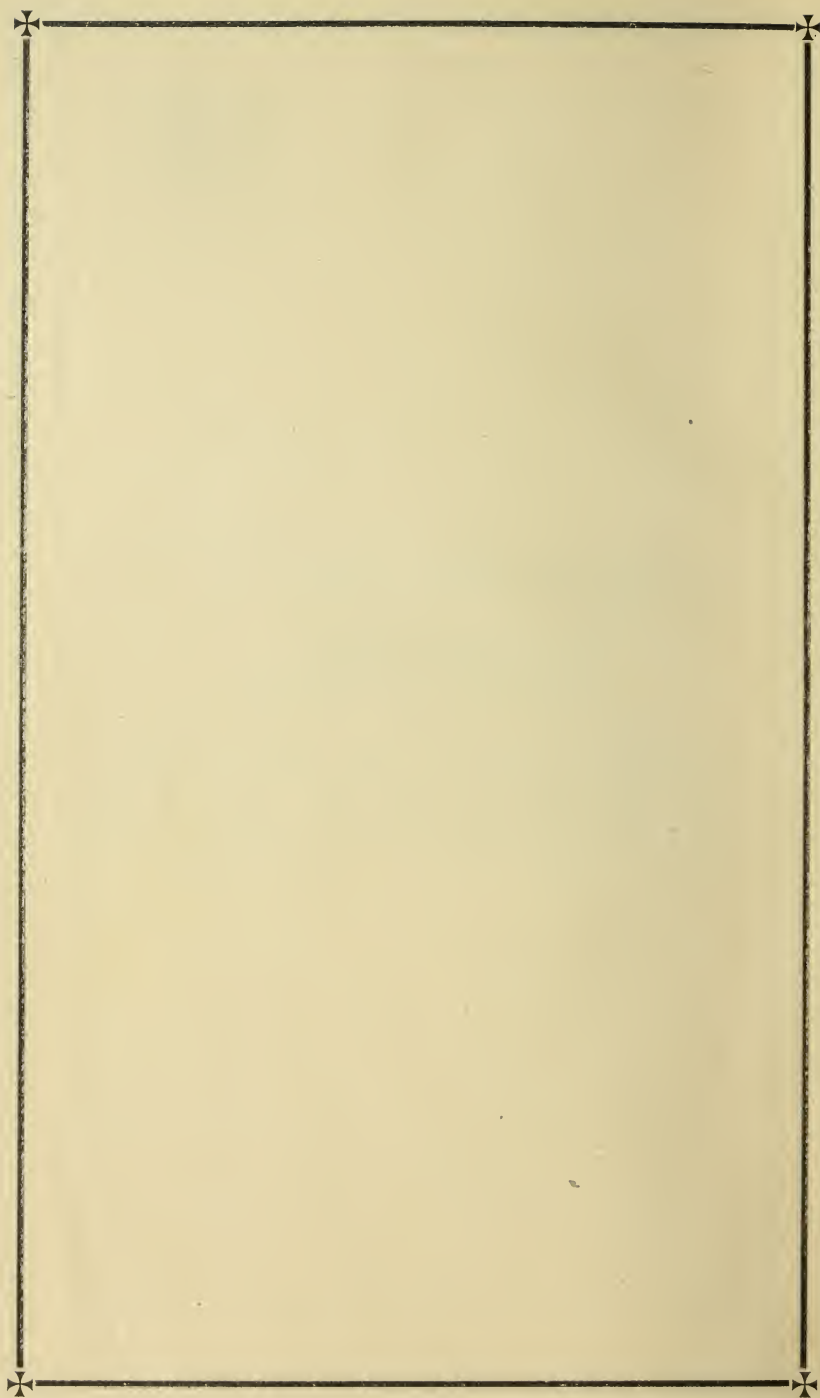
THE UNIVERSITY OF
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CHICAGO, ILL.

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"Many of those who met in this hall at that time are gone. They died as Whittier well said:

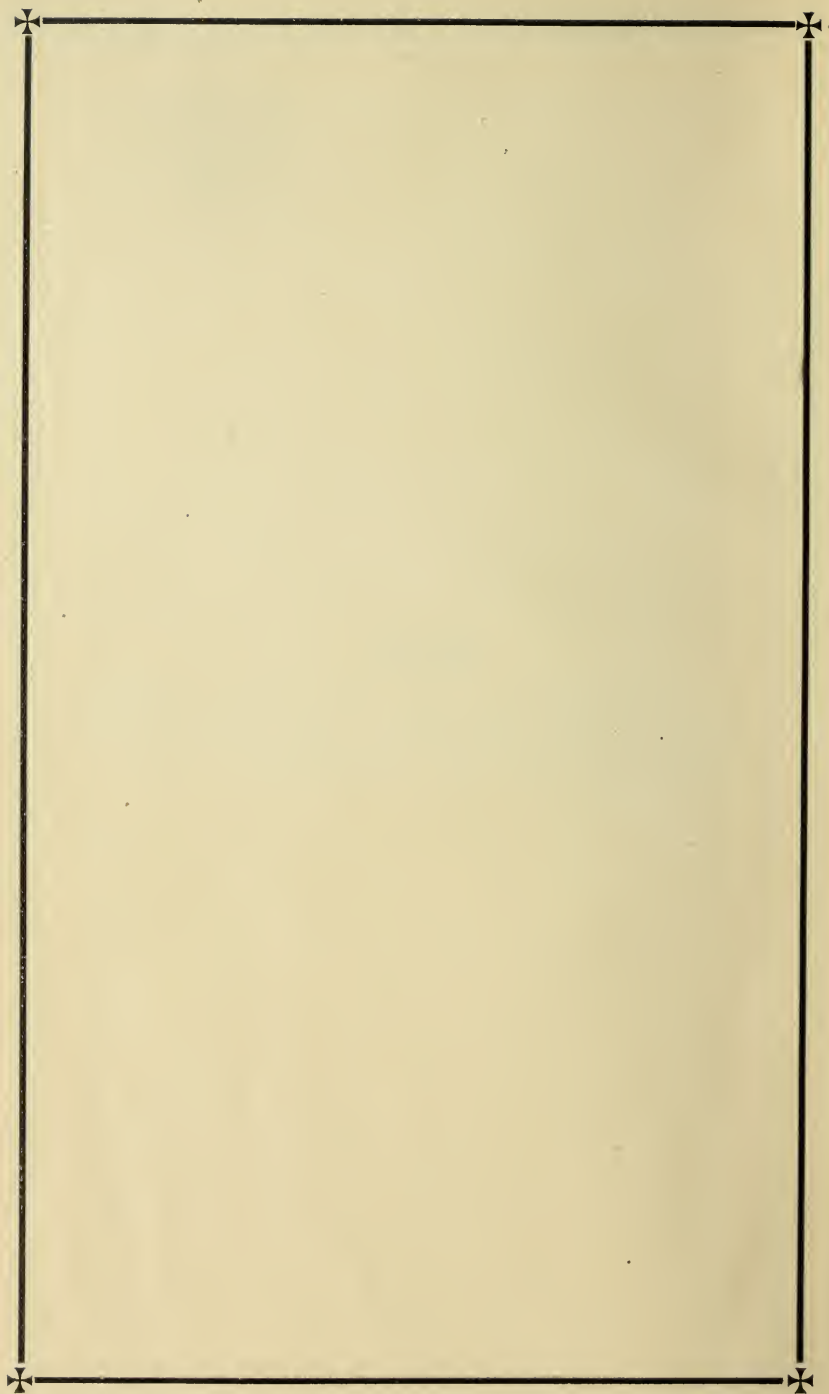
" 'Their brave hearts breaking slow,
But self forgetful to the last.
In words of cheer, and bugle glow,
They breath upon the darkness past ' "

"In those days, as we gathered around their graves, and resolved that the narrower the circle became the closer we would draw together, we almost envied the dead the quiet sleep to which we left them,—the harvest reaped and the seal set beyond the power of change."—*Wendell Phillips*.



Died.

In Lansing, Mich., on Tuesday, Dec. 27, 1881, of paralysis, WILLIAM S. GEORGE, senior proprietor and managing editor of the Lansing Republican, aged 56 years. Funeral from the family residence, Friday, Dec. 30, at 1½ o'clock p. m.



Sketch of Wm. S. George.

The following sketch, prepared by James W. King, for eleven years his associate editor, appeared in the Lansing Republican of December 27, 1881, the morning of his death:

Wm. S. George, for many years chief editor and senior proprietor of the Republican, died at his home in this city on Tuesday morning, aged 56 years. He was born at Derby, Vt., and came from that Puritan stock which has stamped its impress so indelibly on the national character.

At the age of three years fire swept from his parents all their worldly possessions, and lying on a bed on the ground near the scene of the destruction, he saw the lurid flames do a work of havoc and ruin which caused both parents and children to struggle for years, to obtain for themselves the necessities of life. William S. was the eldest son, and before he had reached the age of 12 years he was fighting manfully the battle of life. He has often said to the writer of this, "I never knew anything about the sports and pleasures of childhood." While his companions were engaged in out-door sports, he was engaged in study and composition, which were the stepping-stones to that

prominent position which he afterward held in the ranks of journalism. He had a thorough elementary drill in the common schools, and then spent four years in learning the printer's trade on the White Mountain Ægis, at Lancaster, New Hampshire.

His wages were \$1.50 per week for 11 hours of labor, commencing at 6 A. M., enjoying an hour's "nooning," and closing at 6 P. M. the year around. He was required in the winter time to go to the office before breakfast, get fires started, and then be ready for his regular day's work at 6 o'clock.

At the close of his regular apprenticeship he worked for a few months in the office of the Democratic Republican at Haverhill, Mass., and then removed to Brattleboro, Vt., where he worked for several years in the office of the Vermont Phoenix.

Those were hard-working slow-going old times, and part of his wages were paid in "orders." The lesson, however, was thoroughly impressed upon him, that all future success must depend on industry, fidelity, and accuracy,—the improving of one's opportunities, and the saving of one's earnings.

As an apprentice he soon became an expert compositor, and could set more type per day at the close of the first year than the average of journey-men printers, and set it more correctly. His proofs were considered marvels for so young a workman. The labor of "rolling" for the hand press of old

times was performed upon a flat table, and raised many blisters upon his boyish hands. As a journeyman he set type at $16\frac{2}{3}$ cents per thousand ems, or at \$5 per week, and was thankful for the chance. The money he received was often barely enough to pay his board. The demand for printers was very limited, but wherever he obtained a situation he was able to keep it as long as there was any work to be done.

Although in politics a decided whig so long as that party was faithful to its principles, and afterwards a free-soiler and republican, he worked in several democratic offices and gained the confidence of his employers by diligence and good faith. He was conversant with the minor political secrets of those offices, as journeymen often are, but never revealed them. He set up many columns of rabid democratic editorials and correspondence from exceedingly blind manuscript, correcting the punctuation, wrong spelling, and mistakes of fact, so that when the foreman was in a great hurry it would sometimes happen that his matter was "dumped" in the form without even taking a first proof. This was the highest compliment that could be paid to him as a compositor.

From early boyhood it was his ambition to conduct a newspaper, and at 15 years of age he commenced writing articles which were published in favor of the election of General Harrison as presi-

dent. He occasionally prepared local news, and in 1844 conducted the political department of a Whig newspaper, which supported Henry Clay for president, furnishing from one to two columns per week for the munificent pay of \$1. On receipt of the first \$13, all in hard money, the sum looked enormous. It was the first positive fruits of his pen, and he used it all in taking his first trip to the city of Boston, inspecting its wonders, participating in the 4th-of-July celebration, and witnessing the magnificent fire-works on Boston Common.

From that time forward he wrote for a great many newspapers and periodicals, receiving, however, very little money until 1854, when he undertook as a reporter to furnish Charlestown items for the Boston Daily Transcript, for which he received \$2 per week,—picking up the news at morning, evening, or at noon-time, and writing it by the way-side, or wherever it happened, and handing it in at the office of that newspaper.

His first attempt at reporting a speech was a failure for a very good reason. The speech was made by Daniel Webster in New Hampshire to an admiring crowd of whigs in 1840, and it was so interesting and impressive that the apprentice dropped his pencil and listened in rapt wonder.

An editorial written by him in 1857 on "Bleeding Kansas," was widely copied by the republican press of Massachusetts, and secured him the

offer of a permanent engagement on the New Bedford (Mass.) Daily Standard. He also wrote jokes for the Carpet-Bag, a humorous weekly of Boston, abolitionist essays for the Liberator, Wm. Lloyd Garrison's paper, social and domestic articles for the Olive Branch and the New England Farmer.

While in the employ of the Standard, although his wages were but \$6 to \$12 per week, by rigorous industry and close economy he saved enough to purchase the North Adams Transcript. The fire demon scourged him, and the severest labor and economy were necessary to keep his paper alive; but he did good service toward the election of Abraham Lincoln, and for the success of his party in county and state.

In 1860 he sold the Transcript and became an assistant editor of the Springfield Republican under Samuel Bowles. The late J. G. Holland was also a member of the staff of the Republican at that time. Two years later, on the consolidation of the Detroit Advertiser and Tribune, the managers applied to Mr. Bowles for a first-class journalist, and Mr. George became assistant editor of the Tribune.

After a year's experience in editorial work he purchased \$4,000 worth of stock in that journal, the late E. B. Ward indorsing his note for \$3,000, and in October, 1863, he took complete control of the business and mechanical departments. No

Michigan newspaper ever attained such prosperity and success as did the Tribune under his management. His debts were paid in less than two years, and at the end of four years he owned an interest worth \$14,000. In 1867 he sold his stock and became superintendent of an oil company in West Virginia.

On the death of the late John A. Kerr, the surviving partner, George Jerome, offered him an interest in the state printing, and on January 1, 1869, he assumed control of the state-printing office and bindery. In 1873 he assumed editorial charge of the Lansing Republican, which had achieved a good reputation under able editors, but under his care and skill became known among newspaper men as "the model paper of Michigan." His newspaper methods have been largely followed by many editors, who readily recognized their true merits, and in this way he has done more than any one man to elevate the newspaper press of the Peninsular State.

As an editor he was painstaking and thorough in getting at all the facts of any subject which needed the touch of his trenchant pen. He made confidants of his assistants, and was ever ready to heed and accept counsel from them whenever good reasons were given why any particular course should be pursued. An employé who was capable, honest, and industrious was never deserted by Wm. S. George.

Beside his arduous labors as a journalist and business man, he served as secretary of an Odd Fellows's lodge, patriarch of the Sons of Temperance, a director of the Lansing National bank, vice president of the Lansing Library and Literary Association, and at the time of his death was president of the Central Michigan Savings bank.

He was for many years a member of the republican state central committee, and chairman of the republican committee of Ingham county. In 1876 he was a delegate from the 6th district to the Cincinnati convention which nominated Hayes and Wheeler. He left the whigs in the days of their strength and joined the free-soil party, from which he easily changed to the republican organization. In the great struggle for freedom to the black man as well as the white, and later in the contest for national supremacy, Mr. George's ready pen was most effectually used on the side of liberty and union. He believed in the doctrine that "the one sole, sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is man," and he was ever ready to defend the rights of the worthy downtrodden.

He was educated in the orthodox faith, but the convictions of his mature years placed him among the Unitarians. He was for seven years an attendant at Theodore Parker's church in Boston, and believed that the nearer right a man could live in this world the better off would he be in the world to come.

As a citizen, Mr. George showed great public spirit. He gave munificently for all charitable purposes, and the needy poor never appealed to him in vain. Many a young man now on the road to prosperity owes his success to the sound and kindly advice and the material assistance which he received from W. S. George. His private benefactions were many and large, and but few, even of his most intimate friends, knew of their extent.

He took great interest in the cause of education, and especially in the efficiency and thoroughness of our common schools, for he recognized the fact that in these are trained the great masses of the common people on whom the welfare of the nation depends.

In form Mr. George was of medium height, slender, sinewy, and active. He had brown hair, blue eyes, and a florid complexion. He was one of the greatest brain workers this country has ever produced, and until the last year had hardly known sickness enough to disable him from business. About four months ago his health became impaired and he sought for rest and recuperation at the seaside. He was somewhat improved, and came home on Dec. 17 with the expectation of steadily regaining his former strength. He was at the office on Wednesday last, when he went home never to return. On his way there he stopped to visit two sick employes, and while there was taken with a chill from which he never rallied.

No man of his age ever lived a busier or more useful life. His family have lost a devoted husband and an affectionate father, the community a public-spirited citizen, and his large force of employes a kind-hearted and upright employer. As chief editor of the Republican the newspaper fraternity of Michigan will mourn his irreparable loss.

He was eminently a just man in all his dealings with his fellows, and was ever guided by the highest sense of honor. He was genial in his nature, and while he felt kindly toward all, he had but few friends who thoroughly knew him, for he made but few confidants. Those who knew him best appreciated and loved him most.

The temperance cause in Michigan never had a truer friend or a more zealous worker than W. S. George.

His great pleasure in life was in the home circle where all of his time was spent when not engaged in the active duties of business. As long as his mother lived he was her solace and support. To Mrs. S. L. Papineau, mother of Mrs. George, no son could have been more devoted. He was first married in 1853, again in 1866, and the third time in 1876. He leaves his wife, three children, and two sisters, one in Melrose Highlands, and one at Charlestown, Mass.

Memorial Sonnet.

WILLIAM S. GEORGE.

* Via Laticana ad Fanum Quietis.—Livy, B. IV.

His sun goes down at noon! Now darkness lowers,
Sudden and deep, on friends who knew his worth.
All hearts are faint. Hushed is our Christmas mirth.
Nipped by untimely frost our festal flowers!
Chilled in their flight the swift and glowing hours!
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
The poet sings, "we well may drown our sight!"
Others may praise, as they have known him best.
His ceaseless toil, his word and courage true;
One virtue, like a column, stands confessed!
For LIBERTY he fought his whole life through.
In this I love him more than all the rest.
Happy the man, with foe beneath his feet,
Who thus beholds his triumph all complete!

* The Temple of Rest on the Via Laticana beyond the Esquiline Gate, St. Augustine.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

Detroit, December 28, 1881.

Burial Services.

The funeral services were held at the family residence on Seymour street, on the afternoon of December 30. Although the day was cold and stormy, there was a large attendance of relatives, friends, neighbors, and employés, who joined in paying a last sad tribute to this leading journalist, sagacious and upright business man, public-spirited citizen and philanthropist. Governor Jerome and many State officers and clerks were present, and the flags on the State capitol were placed at half-mast in honor of the deceased.

At the request of Mr. George, made some time previous to his death, the following gentlemen were chosen from his large force of faithful employés to act as pall-bearers: George F. Strong, O. A. Jenison, F. D. Carnahan, Wm. M. Clark, M. Driscoll, Wm. Van Buren, W. S. Wright, and J. W. King. A profusion of flowers, contributed by the Agricultural College, of which the deceased had been a staunch friend, formed a beautiful feature of the funeral decorations. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. Thompson, followed by scriptural reading by Rev. George Duffield, while a choir composed of Mrs. Sophie H. Knight, Miss May Paddock, Miss Kate Marvin, John

K. Allen, and A. O. Bement, sang "Nearer my God to Thee," "Sweet by and by," and chanted "The Lord is my shepherd."

The Rev. Dr. Sunderland of Ann Arbor then preached the following touching and eloquent

SERMON.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—*Psalm 23: 4.*

When we were children we were some of us very foolishly afraid of the dark. But since becoming older we have found that the dark has no power to harm us. It took many years to learn it, perhaps, but at last we have learned to go out into the twilight or even the midnight without trembling.

Will we ever get ourselves taught to go out, or even to look out into the dark of *death* without fear?

There are two ways of meeting objects that have about them elements of mystery and apprehension. One is, to close our eyes and run from them. The result of this is, of course, continued mystery and deepened alarm. The other way is to summon up courage and calmness to go to the thing whose mystery and shadow have given us apprehension, and steadily look at it. The result of this is, generally, a clearing up of the mystery, or at least a dispelling of the alarm.

Is it not so with regard to death? True, death is something in its very nature strange and myste-

rious; and alas! poetry, legend, child-story, popular imagination, and, worst of all, cruel theological teaching, have all united to transform its mystery into awfulness, and to fill its shadow with vague dread and alarm. This is most unfortunate. Is there no remedy? Yes, friends, I think there is a remedy, and it is simply that of calm, candid, looking. I think that he who will but approach the mystery and gaze with clear, steadfast vision into its heart, will almost surely go away having gained a great conquest.

And now I wish to tell you as plainly as I can some of the reasons why I think so.

1. First of all, it is wise for us to school ourselves not to shudder or shrink with fear when we think of death as coming to our loved ones, or when we ourselves approach it, for the reason, if no other, that all such trembling and fear will do no good, but only evil. It can have no effect whatever to avert the calamity which we dread, but, instead, our alarm will be likely actually to hasten it. In cholera or yellow fever epidemics, as we are told by the most careful investigators, nearly or quite as many persons die of fright as of the disease which is prevailing, and often in a given city or town where panic is great, more. And, in fact, in all bodily affections, mental conditions are very important. All physicians understand that, other things being equal, he who lives

in constant dread of a disease is more likely to have it than is he who has no fear; and in the case of one who is already ill, if his mind can be kept calm, and brave, and hopeful, much has been done to guide the disease to a happy issue. Whereas, if fear and discouragement, or alarm at the thought of death constantly agitate him, his chances of recovery are thereby materially lessened. Here, then, is plainly a valid reason why we should all school ourselves to rise above superstition and foolish fear, and habitually look upon death as bravely and calmly as possible. He who worries least about death, either for himself or others, but interests himself heartily in life with all its joys and experiences and work, earnest to make the most of the days and years as they go by, in all high and glad and noble ways, is doing a great deal, probably much more than he understands, not only to rob death of its gloomy and dreadful aspect, but actually to delay the time of its coming.

2. A second reason which ought to enable us to lay aside much of the dread which so often attaches to death is, that when it comes it will probably not come at all as we expect, or when we expect; nor will it be likely to be anything like so dreadful as in our alarmed states of mind we are apt to anticipate. Apprehension of hard deaths or of prolonged dying agonies, which people so often mentally torture themselves with, are seldom realized.

An eminent medical authority writes: "One of the most common notions is, that pain and dying are inseparable companions. But the truth is, they rarely go together. Occasionally the act of dissolution is a painful one, but this is a rare exception to the general rule. The rule is that unconsciousness, not pain, attends the final act. Painlessly we come, whence we know not. Painlessly we go, whither we know not. Nature provides an anæsthetic for the body when the spirit leaves it." Since this is true, then, how plainly it is best for us, so far as lies in our power (and to a large extent it does lie in our power) to put away all disquieting apprehensions of death agonies, and the like, as unworthy of our thought for a moment. The old Stoic philosophers of Greece and Rome used to urge that the terrors that are connected with the thoughts of death, are the results of a diseased imagination. "Death," they said, "is the only evil which does not afflict us when present." Surely then we ought to be wise enough not to allow it to afflict us by foolish apprehensions before it is present.

3. Again, we may well school ourselves to look forward to death without alarm, because death is the end of earthly sorrow, trouble, failure, disappointment, evil, suffering,—and oh! how much there is of all these in every human life! We sometimes speak of the "angel" of death. Death is an angel;

and it were well that we oftener thought of him as such. He is an angel of mercy—opening prison doors, freeing slaves from cruel masters, closing toils of poverty, ending racking pains, calming troubled breasts, resting aching heads. We do him injustice when we call him, as we so commonly do, our enemy. He is our friend. Coleridge is right, the good man does have always and everywhere at least three friends, “himself, his maker, and his angel death.” Yes, and it might be added that the bad man also has at least two of these as his friends—his maker and his angel death. Himself is his only enemy.

How insufferably dreary would life be to many of the children of men, nay, how insufferably dreary would it only too soon become to us all, were there no visions before us in the future of an angel holding a key to an exit gate!

Who has not heard with profound pity the legend of the “Wandering Jew,” condemned on account of cruelty toward the Savior, to wander up and down the earth without permission to taste death until that Savior’s second coming. On and on he lives, as the representation is, seeing generation after generation of human beings pass away, and century after century drag wearily by, himself praying ever for death, but refused the coveted boon.

And among the many half-pagan legends that

were connected with Ireland during the middle ages, there is a beautiful one, somewhat similar to this of the Wandering Jew. It is called "The Legend of the Islands of Life and Death." The legend relates that in a certain lake in Munster there were two islands; into the first death could not come; into the second it was permitted to enter. The first island, however, though free from death, was not free from age, sickness, weariness of life, paroxysms of fearful suffering, and all the ills and evils necessarily attendant upon life. The result was, the inhabitants soon grew tired of their immortality, and learned to look with intense longing upon the opposite island where men were kindly permitted to die. At length, able to endure their condition no longer, they launched their barks upon the waters which separated them from the sweet land where death was known, approached, stepped upon the shore, and were at rest.

How deep is the truth that lies wrapped up in this legend! Looked at aright death is not the horrible thing, the relentless destroyer, the pitiless enemy, that he has been represented to be. Rather, as I have said, he is an angel from God, sent to end the strife, the struggle, the weariness, the pain, the disappointment, the ills and evils that necessarily enter more or less into every earthly life; and to say to the sorrowing, suffering, toiling sons of men, at last, "Peace, peace!"

4. A fourth reason that I mention why we should be calm in prospect of death is because death is something natural, not, as we are so often taught, something unnatural. It is as natural as birth or life, as much a part of God's great plan and order of things; and hence, whether with our limited wisdom we can understand how or not, it must be wise, and right, and best, best even for us who have to experience it.

Nor when I say this am I unmindful that death means separations which almost crush out human lives sometimes. I am not unmindful that, look at it as we may, it is the bitterest cup that man has to drink in this world. It fills human eyes with tears and human hearts with pain as nothing else does in all the experience of earth. Hence standing in its presence, it is not to be wondered at that men find themselves almost irresistibly propounding the old questions, so often asked in all ages, I suppose, since the world began: "Could not God have made a world that should have had no need of death? And if he could, why did he not?" But the questions are too large for us,—a thousand times too large. We cannot answer them. And if pondering them makes us restive or rebellious, then we had better put them away, and with them all such kind of questions as suggest even a hint or suspicion that any other order or plan of things could be better than that which is, or that

God's wisdom may not be the highest, or his regard for all his creatures the most perfect and unflinching. The safest creed, nay the sanest reason and the profoundest philosophy that the thought of man has ever reached, is that which seeks not to go behind what is, but stops reverently at that, sure that it can never be other than folly and blasphemy for finite wisdom to call in question infinite wisdom, or for the created to say complainingly to his creator, "Why hast thou made me thus?"

So then, I say, I think we have here a fourth valid reason why we should teach ourselves ever to contemplate death without alarm. Death is not unnatural, it is natural; it is a part of the great plan and providence of Him who has made the world, and all of us who are in the world. Granted that with our limited understanding and our ignorance of what is beyond this world, we cannot understand more than in very small part how it can be best, yet let us be sure it is best or else it would not be.

5. A last reason that I mention why, like the Psalmist, we may "fear no evil" when we or our loved ones approach death, is the thought of what lies beyond it. Do you ask what is beyond death? I answer, I believe three supreme things: First, God our father; second, a continuance and identity of being for all intelligent creatures; and third,

love. These three supreme things I see rising up and beckoning us with shining hands into the great beyond into which death opens.

First, I say, God our father is there. I do not by this mean, that he is not here. He is here, as truly as you or I are; but he is there also, in that otherwhere into which death ushers us. And what does that mean? It means nothing less than that that other world will be a world of justice, mercy, truth, love, paternity, because he who is Mercy, Justice, Truth, Love, Paternity, is there, the all and in all of it. It means safety, and the highest possible ultimate good to all the children of men in that world, because he who carries every child of his forever in his heart has framed all the providences of that world as well as of this. It means a world that is not to be dreaded by any human being, good or bad, saint or sinner. But rather a world which every child of the race may know is full of the ultimately best things. Mark, I do not say that there will be no pain there, or no sorrow, or no regrets, or no stings of conscience, or no punishments. I do not say it will be a world of unalloyed felicity, or of equal felicity to the good and the bad, the obedient child and the moral rebel. I simply say that, since we must conceive that he who is holy, just, and good, who is at once God and Father, is as truly there as here, and rules in that world as well as in this, therefore every-

thing there must be planned for the ultimate well-being, (may be to be reached through more or less of pain and sorrow and chastisement, yet still the ultimate well-being) of every human child of his. Pain is not necessarily unkind, nor is chastisement, sent in any of its numerous forms, as we have all learned from our limited earthly experience. If, then, pain and chastisement shall come in the world of the hereafter, as it seems as if they must come to some of us, they will not be unjust, or vindictive, or unkind, or in any way out of harmony with infinite love and paternity. They will be for the ultimate good of all to whom they come.

So, then, I repeat, the first object which I see in the great beyond to which death opens,—God, the universal Father, is one that girds me mightily in view of death. I do not tremble to go where he is. Take him out of that world and death would be dreadful. Change him into anything else than what I believe him to be, “the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,” and death would be unutterably dreadful. But leave him to me as Jesus reveals him, let me understand that God is my everlasting Father, and that the world beyond death is his as truly as this world is his, and there is then no terror in the passage thither. Why should there be? To die is only to remove from one room to another of the Father’s house.

Again, as I look through the opening portal of death, I see beyond it something more still. I see, as I have said, a continuance and identity of being for us all. I see an existence for you and me and all our human brotherhood, carried right on into the next world and continued there, not in such a way as to form a new, a strange life, governed according to principles which we cannot understand, and utterly dissevered from this life which we are now living, but a life which is in the truest and deepest sense a continuance, a sequel, an unfolding of this, indeed a life which is this, only carried onward into better conditions and higher developments. Growth, development, evolution, is the law of human nature in this world, and as mind must be the same in all worlds, we cannot but believe that growth, development, and progress will be the law of human nature in the world to come.

But what splendor of prophecy and promise there is in this thought! Growth, progress forever! Why, who can even think it? And yet just this is what is placed before us to believe. Consider what a life so brief as this of earth may accomplish. What a distance in knowledge and mental power a human being travels in the few years that separates the cradle from manhood! As a babe he knows literally nothing—not his right hand from his left, not his best friend from his worst enemy, not a person

from a thing, not an object miles away from an object within the hand's reach; not colors, not shapes, not names, not qualities; not others, not himself. He is little more than a mere bundle of unrealized possibilities. But when he has become a man, who can tell what he has knowledge of? He may not be the wisest of men, but who can count up or enumerate the things which any commonest man among us knows? Try it; make a catalogue, and you shall write for a life-time and yet not have written down all. We talk about ignorant men, and yet really there are no ignorant men, unless they are idiots. It is only relatively, that men of sound mind and living in this world where everything we see has its lesson to teach, are ever ignorant. The knowledge even of him whose life has been spent on the most inaccessible mountains, or the farthest frontier, is nothing less than marvelous in the sum of it, if once you could gather together and express absolutely all. Compare then, I say, first the distance of advance from the absolutely knowledgeless infant to him, that relatively ignorant man; then again, go forward and compare the distance in advance from him, that so-called ignorant man, to one who is the wisest of the race, one whose whole life has been one of reading, observation, study, and thought, who has voyaged up and down through history and science, through philosophy and art, until like

a Milton or a Goethe he is at home in well-nigh every department of human thought and inquiry, and then, but not till then, are you able even to begin to understand the possibilities of the human mind under favorable conditions, or to grasp the great thought of what advance in knowledge and growth in the powers and capacities of the human soul must mean in that endless life to which we go. All *this* in the few brief years of earth! What, then, in *those* endless ages of eternity?

It comes, then, just to this: I look through the portal of death and see myself and you and all the race passing soon to the other side, and then on and on, away, and upward, and onward, until all are lost beyond the possible sight of such as remain behind with their poor mortal vision. Now is it glorious to know? Is there something to be desired in the thought of minds expanding, unfolding, reaching out toward the infinite mind? Then why, tell me, should we shrink or shudder when we contemplate death, which simply opens the gateway leading from the circumscribed and narrow here, out and up into all that magnificent and limitless beyond of thought and knowledge and progress?

Finally, as I look through the open gateway of death, I see one other thing still in the great beyond. I see Love there; and I see it supreme, too, as it has never been in this world. Is it asked, what does that mean? Ah, friends, what

does it mean, eternal continuance, growth and perfecting of human love? Is the love of earth inexpressibly precious and life giving, even here where its rays are like the beams of tapers in the night? How, then, will it be in a world where love is the sunlight, of a beautiful, blessed, glorious day that knows no night? What is the love here and now, of parent or child, brother or sister, husband or wife, or dearest earthly friend? What then will that same love be when purified of its alloy and lifted up out of the frailties and limitations of earth, into the perfection of heaven? Is love the very sweetest, highest, holiest thing which you, so far in your existence here on earth, know anything of—the very central, richest chord in all the music of your life? What then will that existence be whose whole diapason shall be tuned to the music of a love higher than the highest, and sweeter than the sweetest?

“Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues they shall cease,” says Paul, “but love never faileth. Now abideth faith, hope, love; but the greatest of these is love.”

And this glimpse, which through the opening portal of death we get of love in the great world beyond, what does it mean as touching reunion with friends and loved ones who have gone before us into that world? It can only mean one thing by any possibility, concerning them, and that is that there

must be reunions of friends and loved ones in that world, and that all who are dear to us must be ours forever. To give us affections in the world to come, and then strip us of all or any of the objects around which in all the years of our earthly lives those affections had learned to twine and fasten themselves, would be to tear our very hearts to fragments, and leave them forever most cruelly bleeding. But God cannot have ordered that such a future as that shall be before us all. He is surely not a demon. We cannot believe that he has made the world to which we go a mockery. What then? Then our loved ones are to be with us there. To be in a world of infinite and perfect love, nay to be in a world where love is not absolute torture, torture awful and remediless, my dear ones sundered from me by death must be mine again, mine forever, not one of all the number absent.

Such then, dear friends, is the coming world, which I see lying sweet and fair beyond the shadow of the tomb, as I stand and gaze through the open door of death—through the door of death which to-day stands ajar, by reason of the passing through of him who has just left our side. The land I see is not a lonely or desolate land, nor yet is it a land of strangers. They are there! by faith I see them all, all who have ever been dear to me.

“They have all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad heart doth cheer.

“Dear beauteous death!—the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

“He that hath found some fledged birds nest
may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

“And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.”

The Mussulmans have a fable about Moses, that, when the hour of his departure was come, God sent the angel of death, who appeared before him and demanded his soul. Moses, cheerful and undaunted, greeted the angel with a friendly salutation, but questioned his right, nevertheless, to touch a soul that had had communion with God. The death-angel was baffled at such assurance, and knew not how to proceed, for death and Moses, it seemed, had nothing in common. Then the Lord, seeing the difficulty, deputed the angel of paradise to carry to him an apple of Eden; and as Moses

inhaled the immortal fragrance his spirit went forth from him, and was borne upon the odors of Eden into the presence of the Lord.

Such is the Mussulman's parable, the meaning of which is this. The assurance which disputes the power of death is the human spirit's unconquerable faith in God,—the faith

“That life and death alike
God's goodness underlies.”

Friends and brothers may God give us all that faith. Then indeed with the Psalmist shall we each be able to sing evermore, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.”

Thus I have pointed out in a very brief and imperfect way, what seem to me some of the reasons why, as we see that strange something which we call death coming and laying its shadowy hand upon our loved ones, and also why, as we look forward into the future and know that our own turn to go must come soon, we yet may be calm and peaceful, full of courage and great hope.

A grand old man upon whose head the snows of seventy and four winters had fallen, as he stood in the evening light of a wise and useful life, and looked forward with no shadow of fear to the approaching sunset wrote these beautiful words:

“With calm and patient trust I wait
The slow and sure approach of fate.
What may betide me where I go
I know not, and I need not know.
I know my Maker kind and just;
This is enough, I calmly trust.

“My eyes are dim to things around,
My ears are dull to common sound;
And yet, far gleaming on my sight,
I think I see a surer light,
And hear harmonious wavelets beat—
Prelude of something strangely sweet.

“I long a higher life to know;
To better thoughts I fain would grow;
God gave the hope: He must ordain
The hope he gave shall not be vain.
Therefore that higher life must be;
His justice is my guaranty.

“I seek no aid from churchly creed;
Life's daily facts supply my need.
That he is just and kind I know;
My life's experience proves it so.
Doubt hath no place, no ill abides
Where He, the just and kind, presides.

“Then pass, ye earthly things, away;
Sink, toil-worn frame, to swift decay;
The parting clouds unveil the light,
And clearer vision glads my sight.
Long waiting soul be of good cheer,
The end draws nigh, thy hope is near.”

Oh beautiful words! Oh song of victory! Dear
friends, as we see one after another of those dear

to us passing out of our sight, and are reminded that it cannot be long before we too must go, may such a calm and confident trust in Him who is over all, fill our hearts. Thus shall all fear fly away like a morning cloud.

I cannot close without a few words of a more personal character than any that I have yet spoken. Such a life as this that has just ended its earthly career before our eyes, should not be allowed to pass without leaving its lessons for our instruction. I see in it two or three most worthy lessons, which we who remain behind will not be wise if we do not learn.

First, it has in it a lesson for young men who are just setting out on their career of activity and desire to win business success. Few men of our day have been finer examples to those who are coming after them of what the business man should be, and of those habits of work and qualities of character, which everywhere win respect and accomplish large results. From a boyhood of hardship and limited advantages Wm. S. George rose to a manhood of unusually wide intelligence and influence, and all by his own unaided energy, perseverance, will, promptness, methodical business habits, industry, and, above all, integrity. Let those who are setting out in life and would accomplish such a life work as he has accomplished, and win such esteem and confidence from others

as he has won, study well his career and character. They can find no wiser or nobler book.

A second and still more important lesson which his life should teach us all, both young and old, is the grandeur of living for moral ends. In his very earliest childhood, and on his father's knee, our esteemed brother and friend learned to care for the oppressed—the slaves at the south who, in that day, had few to plead their cause.

Thus early did he begin to think and feel for others beside himself, and those who were less favored than he. And this was the key note of all his life. As he grew to manhood his interest in reform increased, and long before he was of age had he enlisted his heart, his brain, and his keen pen in the great anti-slavery movement in immediate association with Garrison, Parker, Samuel J. May, Phillips, and their colleagues. And from that time until the war closed and the slaves were free, did his zeal or interest in the cause in which he had enlisted not for one moment abate. Nor did he cease to be a friend of the colored people and a laborer for their good, after the shackles had fallen from their limbs. Till his death they were steadily in his mind and heart, and much of the most earnest writing that he has done in all these latter years has been in their behalf, in advocacy of measures which seemed to him were necessary to help them up to a position of equality with their white brethren in the south.

Nor did his sympathy stop with the suffering and needy of another color from his own. His whole life was one of philanthropy, of charity, of advocacy of what he believed to be reforms, of assistance rendered by pen, by hand, by council, by sympathy, by purse, to those who were in want or distress. In all the later years of his life the cause of temperance in this country has had few more earnest or able promoters.

And so, as he passes out of our sight, we see with joy that the great host of those who rise up to call him blessed, includes not only those who once were slaves to southern task-masters, now free by his efforts and the efforts of such as he, but also it includes a vast company of others, known only to themselves—young men whom he had befriended, neglected children whom he had helped to homes, drunkards whom he had been instrumental in reforming, the suffering to whom he had ministered, the common people whose cause he had maintained, employés connected with his own business, to whom he had been almost a father. I say a company larger than anyone knows, made up of these classes, will ever more thank God that he has lived.

And oh! friends, standing as we do to-day in the presence of such a life, a life thus lived for noble ends of usefulness, how small and poor seems any life lived only for self. How puny and pitiful

seems mere money making, or mere place seeking, or mere self-indulgence, or luxury, or ease, compared with doing good, compared with living to make justice, and truth, and right to prevail on the earth. Oh, as we stand beside his cold clay to-day, may we all dedicate ourselves to high moral aims in life, and resolve, God helping us, that we will give our days on earth, more earnestly than we have ever done, to drying up the sorrow, and suffering, and ignorance, and wrong there are all around us in society.

Let his precious ashes be our altar of consecration; and then shall he bless the world by his death, as he has in so many ways by his life.

And now what shall I say to you who mourn most sadly of all to-day, you who are members of this stricken home. I do not ask you not to weep, for I know your hearts are human. Yet after all I may remind you that it is better to look up than down, even though it be through tears. While you cannot but be sad, yet there is much that you may well rejoice and thank God for, even in your sorrow. It is cause for gratitude that you had your loved one with you so long. If a friend gives us a bouquet of beautiful flowers, we do not forget the kindness of the giver in complaining that the flowers do not last forever. So let us not forget God's goodness in giving us our dear ones, even if we cannot keep them at our side all the way through our earthly journey.

“’Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.”

Furthermore, we have great reason to be grateful for the precious legacies of memory and of influence which our dead leave behind them. They do not leave us empty handed or empty hearted, lonely as we are when they are gone. They rest from their labors, but their works live after them; their influence abides; their memory is ever green in our hearts, and ever something more precious to us than any wealth of earth can buy. Let us thank God that it is so. Let us thank God that he who has gone from us had made his life so useful. His religion was to do good. He believed that the way to secure the approbation of heaven is to serve well one's day and generation, and do well the work in life that is given one to do. With this belief he could not fear death or what might be beyond death. To him death was as natural as life, and the world to which it opens must be full of justice and goodness, because it is His world who is just and good. Ever by day and by night, in sickness and in health, in life and in death, the beautiful song sung itself down deep in his heart:

“I know not where God's islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
But this I know, I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.”

For this we may well be grateful to God. And we

may well be equally grateful also, that you, dear friends, who remain behind to mourn his departure, do not mourn as those who have no hope, but that you too are comforted in your sorrow by the same beautiful faith which cheered him.

And now, may God's blessing be upon you all! May the everlasting arms be round about you. May He, who is a present help in every time of need, be with you in your affliction to heal the broken hearts and bind up the wounds.

Mr. George's Public Character.

BY REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD.

As in almost every face there is one predominant feature or expression, so in every strong and positive character there is some one predominant trait that constitutes its true unity. Whether it be avarice or the love of wealth, ambition or the love of power, curiosity or the love of knowledge, or philanthropy, the love of one's kind, the one thing to which the whole heart goes out is that which determines the man; it is the true criterion by which to estimate the nature and value of his character as it goes down to posterity.

In the life of Mr. George the one great and all pervading characteristic is easy to discover. It was obvious on the very face of it. It kindled in his eye, it glowed in his countenance. It began in his early childhood, it continued to his latest hour. Those who knew him best and loved him most would unhesitatingly declare, that what constituted the real strength and glory of his character was his ardent and unquenchable love of liberty.

Others learn what liberty is at the college or university; from the philosopher, in the way of

analysis and abstract definition, or from the historian, by what it has been in the past; that is, they know it in the general. His peculiar privilege it was to learn, so to speak, who she was, in her very temple, while ministering before her burning altars, under the lead of some of the choicest spirits of all time; not only to know her, but to love her in his inmost soul. True, he was among the very youngest of these men; he had never enjoyed the same social advantages, nor the same advantages of education; but how little did this matter when they themselves were his teachers, and it was daily his delight to conform to their sublime example. In his life, such was his natural modesty and dislike of praise, he would have well-nigh deemed it sacrilege to have heard his name mentioned in the same category, but now that he has gone, in enrolling him as a pupil of these noble men we but indicate the source from whence he derived his inspiration to battle in the cause of liberty.

It is impossible to depict the character of Mr. George apart from his noble teachers in the gigantic struggle for American freedom. He must be judged by the times in which he lived. He was worthy of his Puritan ancestry. As a soldier in the ranks he engaged in some of the most trying conflicts for freedom. He was thoroughly posted in every event, just as it occurred, which enabled him

fully to comprehend its ultimate consequences. We do not wonder at the character thus developed; our only wonder, how it could be otherwise! Their likenesses not only hung upon his walls, but were cherished in the sky-lighted chamber of a grateful memory to the very last. Think of the names, one after the other, that fall upon your ears as we recount the early period of his life.

As a young citizen of Boston, within sight of Faneuil Hall with all its sacred memories, within two hours of Plymouth rock, within a single hour of Concord and Lexington, in sight of Bunker Hill and perfectly familiar with all its associations, the *genius loci* was instinct with liberty; as a dweller in that city at the one supreme time in all its history, when liberty was in her most grievous peril, when "cotton was king" and our "southern masters" made their open boasts that slavery had become national, and they could now "call the roll of their slaves on Bunker Hill;" as the loyal follower of Senator Wilson, the "Natiek shoemaker" and the first great "war governor," Andrew, who magnified his office and gave the true inspiration to Governor Morton and all the rest; as the secret friend and correspondent of William Lloyd Garrison and his daring "Liberator" when there were no names too infamous for that "incendiary sheet," and when the correspondent was in as much danger of being dragged through the streets of Bos-

ton by a "respectable and influential" mob as the editor himself; as a sympathetic friend of John Brown of Ossawatimie, and an active abettor in his heroic designs of liberating Kansas and thwarting the bloody conspiracy of the border ruffians of Missouri; as one of the "minute men" or member of the vigilance committee who endeavored to rescue the fugitive slaves Thomas Sims and Anthony Burns from being taken back to bondage, under "the iniquitous enactment," which he scorned to recognize as law, and who withstood Marshall Tukey to his face; as the enthusiastic admirer of the impassioned speeches of Wendell Phillips, and the logical and unanswerable orations of the nearly martyred Sumner; as the constant and delighted reader of the anti-slavery poems of Whittier, and Longfellow, and Lowell, those "winged words" that went further even than speeches and editorials; above all, as the deeply attentive and unfailing hearer of Theodore Parker's marvelous political sermons in Music Hall, one at least of which was written by this Jupiter of the Pulpit, "with a pistol on his desk, loaded, with a cap on the nipple, ready for action, and with a drawn sword within reach of his right hand," the antecedents and surroundings of Mr. George were singularly fortunate. The atmosphere in which for some years he drew his every breath, was perhaps as highly sur-charged with the oxygen of freedom as in the

days of those grand old continental patriots, Samuel Adams, Otis, and Jonathan Mayhew. Stern and rugged men they were, that came to the front in the Republic's most dire and heroic age, and our young republic will do well to keep their names and deeds in ever fresh remembrance. Like the old Latins, while they admire the "*alta mœnia*," let them remember also the "*Albani patres*" who built them. They were men of Titan mould indeed, and to have their friendship as Mr. George did, and be allowed to avail himself of the stores of information contained in such a library as that of Theodore Parker, was in and of itself no little meed of praise.

But he was not merely known by these teachers. His loyalty to them was an intelligent one, and he was equally identified with their principles as with themselves. In sketching these in the general, we are thus, in the most easy and natural way, delineating his own in particular. The time was, and that not very long since, when a variety of causes would not permit such a sketch, or at least it would have been considered quite unwelcome and of very doubtful utility. But such a day as that will never come in the future history of free America. It can only be when her stars and stripes are again at half mast, and her boasted liberty is "a flaunting lie." Another and much abler hand than mine should embalm these men in their own principles;

but so good an opportunity rarely offers, and duty seems imperative.

As Morton said of Wilson, so may we say of them all: "Their great strength was in their convictions. They were men of ideas, and relied upon ideas for success. They were men of courage. They dared to follow their convictions wherever they led them." Yes, they were men of strength, tough and unyielding as the gnarled oak; no labor discouraged them, no contingency appalled them, no disadvantage dismayed them, no defeat disheartened them. Like their great leader, Garrison, each of them could say, "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." They were men of ideas, "one-ideaed men," if you will, but an order of natural prophets who had a message to deliver, and could not do otherwise. Few men more than they believed in the absolute and essential importance of human development; and if the secret of history is to conjecture the way by which God is leading to the final destiny of man, they were prophets indeed.

Reckless to no little extent of other creeds, they had, in three words, a creed of their own, "God, duty, immortality." Honoring free labor as much as they hated slavery, they were not ashamed to say with Wilson, "though I have toiled for wages at manual labor, I never felt galled by any degra-

dation." Believing that freedom was the great objective point of the revolution of Seventy-six, they proposed under the leadership of John Quincy Adams to set the constitution of the United States four square on the doctrine of human rights as maintained in the declaration of independence, and they did it! Vindicating in their own persons the right of free speech and free discussion, they not unfrequently, amid showers of missiles, spoke at the hazard of their lives. Claiming for a free press the merit of being everywhere the friend of liberty and the peculiar dread of tyrants, they were ever willing, like the martyr Lovejoy, to die for its sake. Nothing is more remarkable than the sublime confidence of their faith as to the final issue of this unequal conflict. "One is always a majority with God!" "Better to be in a majority with God, in defense of the right, than live and die like Herod, having the shouts of the multitude!" "The consequences of a first principle cannot be escaped, and sooner or later it must prevail!" "The people are to be trusted. There is another day after to-day. Have faith! Have faith!" "One man with a belief is a greater power than a thousand that have only interests!" "Nothing is settled until it is settled right!" These and such-like watch-words flashed like lightning, and their thunder shook the hemisphere as they marshaled their forces for the "irrepressible conflict."

But the conflict was not merely a single battle. It was a war of many campaigns. At one time it was the sin of slavery, and Garrison led in the appeal to the national conscience. At another it was the repeal of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the protection of Kansas and other territories "under the constitution and laws of the Federal government," and Sumner led. Still again it was the "unjust and cowardly" war with Mexico and the fugitive slave law, and Parker was in the van. Omitting others, last of all it was the ever memorable Virginia campaign of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, which was the beginning of the end, of the great war for the Union, which terminated in so immense a triumph. Instead of the Crittenden compromise, slavery abolished in the District of Columbia; instead of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, slavery abolished in the territories; instead of the slave trade reöpened, that same trade suppressed as piracy; instead of the fugitive slave law and the Dred-Scott decision, emancipation proclaimed by President Lincoln and ratified by an amendment to the constitution! Only those who, like Mr. George, labored through the anti-slavery struggle, the war period, and the years of reconstruction, and were permitted to witness a victory of such magnificent proportions, can understand how great the joy with which these soldiers of liberty hung up their armor in her redeemed temple. These men did not live

in vain. They knew what the Greeks meant by a word that cannot be rendered into English, how to live the life of a true citizen. Thus did they transfuse their lives into that of their country, and transmit to posterity the noblest inheritance of liberty ever sent down to the ages. Thus have they taught us that life means work, and left an example of public spirit those who come after them would do well to imitate.

“Though small thy gift may seem to be
Withhold it not; for like the night
By countless little stars made bright.
Thy offering, joined to thousand more
May brighten dwellings dark before.”

There was one respect in which the youth of Mr. George gave him a decided advantage over his eastern associates. He lived long enough to have a western development. In 1860 with Mr. Samuel Bowles as editor-in-chief, he became assistant editor of the Springfield Republican, the model newspaper of its kind in the whole country. The proprietors of the Detroit Advertiser and Tribune having written to Mr. Bowles to send them a thorough, competent editor, Mr. George was sent as such, with an introductory letter from Mr. B., and a very complimentary endorsement of his abilities, which his subsequent career abundantly verified. From this time forward to the day of his death we have the testimony of his intimate personal friend, Hon. V. P.

Collier of Battle Creek, and others, as to the increasing value of his labors. As a member of the executive committee, and especially as editor of the Lansing Republican, it is their full belief that he did more to consolidate the party to which he was deeply attached, to mould its policy and direct its movements than any other man in the state. The very backbone of this party he considered to be the principles for which he had so long contended, and in the triumph of Garfield he believed their triumph to be final and complete. But the remainder of this topic will be considered under another head and by another pen.

Biographic Sketch by His Sister.

The childhood and youth of Mr. George, as so often happens, were quite characteristic of the coming man. When only two years old he began to go to the village store on trivial errands, and from that time forward his exactness in this respect was a marvel to all who knew him. At school he was equally remarkable for his punctuality, his truthfulness, and the excellence of his memory. Even then the thought impressed itself upon his inmost soul that life meant work. His triumph when he came out first and "spelled down" the whole school he enjoyed less as the exultation of ambition than as the reward of industry.

But study did not make him morose or selfish. He enjoyed his play as much as any of his companions. He liked pigeons, rabbits, and all sorts of pets. Nothing pleased him better than to work in the garden, and make up the flower beds with neatness and precision. Whoever else might neglect theirs, no weeds ever grew in his bed. This neatness extended to his clothing, books, and everything else, and such was his love of order that at any time he could find what he wanted in the dark.

The unselfishness and devotion of his home life

his sisters will ever remember with no ordinary gratitude. In winter when he dragged them on his sled down one long slippery hill and then up another, on the summit of which towered the old meeting-house, and hard by the square brown school-house, many were the lessons he would inculcate as to the duty and pleasure of spending life in rendering service to others. This sense of responsibility for his sisters extended still further, and from year to year all the young folks of our circle, especially the young gentlemen, were reviewed by him to see if they were worthy of confidence, and very kindly was his advice given as to those whose intimacy was not desirable. Such was his love of truth, that his reputation in this respect was equally honorable at home, in school, and among his neighbors. To this love of truth may well be added an innate sense of justice. While he would give good measure when he sold, he was strenuous to exact equally good measure when he bought. In after life this quality became so conspicuous, that those who did not know him on both sides could scarcely be said to know him at all. His rule was to "hew to the line."

Nor was his companionship less pleasant and profitable to them in the summer than the winter. Such were his habits of close and accurate observation that he always knew where to find the best strawberries and raspberries, nor did the walk seem

long, for he was sure to beguile the way by his favorite recreation of reciting poetry and telling conundrums. Nor did this sense of responsibility end with his sisters. When his father was absent, working at some long job of housebuilding, he was proud to be called "the head of the family." Willingly was it accorded to him, for he well deserved the name.

As he began his education with much promise, so he continued it. His thirst for knowledge and particularly his love of reading were most intense. It was his constant habit to carry a note-book, and every word, phrase, quotation, or reference he did not understand and could not verify, to jot it down, hunt it up, and write the result on the opposite page, a practice he found equally profitable to himself and others. To give an illustration. At Charlestown one evening, in a company consisting of primary, high-school, and grammar school teachers, a principal of a high-school, a Harvard graduate, a physician, and others, the question arose as to the line: "Is this that haughty, gailant, gay Lothario," and in whose works this character appears? One thought she could find out, but none could tell until the question came to Mr. George who declared "Lothario" to be one of the *dramatis personæ*, in Rowe's tragedy of the Fair Penitent.

Everything in print was of value in his eyes. Even a fragment of newspaper that came around a

parcel was eagerly read, and when a part was missing he amused himself and sisters by guessing "how it came out."

At a very early age he became a great lover of libraries, and a special object of interest to the several librarians. At Lancaster, N. H., the librarian of the town library said "No subscriber but one, whose family contained eight adults, read as many books as William George." More than this, "He used them carefully, returned them promptly, and neatly repaired torn leaves and covers." *O' si sic omnes!* At Haverhill, N. H., the librarian said "that George used and borrowed more books than any other half-dozen fellows in town," that "he did not read books but devoured them." Best of all, they were of a good kind, and he understood and remembered them, too. Hence among his rural friends he was known as the walking encyclopedia. One of his greatest privileges in this respect, books, was when he went to Boston, attended the monthly reception at Theodore Parker's house, and was kindly given by him the run of that extensive library that was used by its owner to such marvelous effect against slavery. From this time forward Mr. George's soul was all on fire with the same ardent love of liberty and the same intense hatred of oppression for which Mr. Parker was so preëminently distinguished.

On the night of the 3d of April, 1851, Thomas

Sims, a fugitive slave from Georgia, was captured in Richmond street, on the pretext of theft, by the city policemen, serving the deputies of the United States marshal in violation of the law of Massachusetts which forbade such employment. Sims resisted with extreme violence, even wounding one of the officers, but he was overpowered, forced into a carriage, and taken to the court-house. * *

When the morning dawned the court-house was found surrounded by a chain, intended to keep off the crowd, but unfortunately suggestive of the thralldom of the community to the slave power, which incident was made the most of by the anti-slavery orators of the times. The judges, even Chief Justice Shaw, the lawyers, and everybody else passed, unwittingly, under this chain. Tukey was city marshal and he had a large squad of men from the police force as guards about the edifice. It was a good deal like a bastille, and excited the animosity of everybody else but the United States officers.

This was probably the most exciting period of Mr. George's life. While Sims was confined in the court house, Marshal Tukey was drilling his awkward squad of police and militia. Mr. George stood on Court street, right in front of them, and laughed in his own peculiar hearty, ringing manner, both at the marshal and his raw and undisciplined soldiers. A crowd soon collected, and at

regular intervals, as Mr. George's daring and derisive laugh rose on the air, the spectators joined in most heartily.

The marshal and his crowd of "man hunters" growing all the while more and more indignant, Tukey at last ordered Mr. George to stop laughing and to stop at once. But the order was disobeyed, and again the laugh rose louder than ever. Provoked beyond measure, Tukey blustered across the street exclaiming, "If you don't stop, young man, I'll have you arrested instantly." "Very well," calmly replied Mr. George, "then there will be another new sensation in Boston, where a man is arrested for laughing on the street." The indignant marshal conducted his retreat as skillfully as the situation permitted, but the laugher was not arrested. So great, however, was his excitement, that he had well-nigh lost the power to eat or sleep. It seemed as if he could not spare time to look after his own body when that of his fellow man was in such imminent danger. Careful of his employer's interest and doing, as usual, all that he was responsible for, he would leave home very early in the morning, take with him a light lunch that he called dinner, eat it as hastily as possible, and give the remainder of his time "to the good cause." But all his efforts, as well as those of such men as Theodore Parker, Dr. Howe, Palfrey, Horace Mann, Samuel Hoar, John Pierpont, William H. Channing,

Henry Wilson, Anson Burlingame, Elizur Wright, and others, which he so zealously seconded, were in vain. At five o'clock in the morning, eight days after his capture, Sims was taken from his prison-room in the court-house, marched, under the direction of Marshal Tukey, in a hollow square of policemen and hired ruffians, over the ground where Attucks was killed, to Long wharf, shipped on board the brig Acorn, and consigned again to slavery. No wonder that the bells tolled in so many spires of Massachusetts that day as a mark of sorrow and a token of their sense of outrage.

Sims went to Georgia, soon to return north free by purchase; but the flood-tide of that excitement rendered it possible for Charles Sumner to be lifted into the United States Senate!

With the arrest of Anthony Burns in 1854, another crisis occurred, and the vigilance committee, one of whom was Mr. George, determined on his rescue. A number of axes had been purchased and hid in the immediate vicinity, but the axes being insufficient, a heavy piece of joist was employed as a battering ram. A few of the rescuers gained an entrance, but were speedily overwhelmed by the superior force within, and the rescue failed. The Friday on which the order of rendition was carried out was a day never to be forgotten by Mr. George or any other lover of freedom. Many of the stores were closed, others were draped in black, bells

toll'd as before, the mass of the people felt as though they were undergoing a personal humiliation. On the march the entire line of military and police had to pass under a suspended black coffin, on which was inscribed the word "Liberty," while all down State street the excited populace cried "shame! shame!"

Burns was carried to Norfolk, Virginia, in the revenue cutter Morris, but soon returned to Boston free. Theodore Parker was indicted for resistance to the officers executing the fugitive slave law, but the indictment was wisely quashed on a technicality, and his invectives against slavery were more tremendous than ever.

* * * * *

What Whittier wrote on the death of Garrison is, in its measure, equally true of all his followers, that they

"Confirm the lesson taught of old,
'Life saved for self is lost,' while they
Who live it in his service hold
The lease of God's eternal day."

C. M. POOR.

Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 2, 1882.

Tributes from the Press.

The press of the country published many columns of tributes to the memory of Mr. George, from which the following are but brief extracts :

From the Iosco Gazette.

He was one of the ablest journalists in the State.

From the Grand Rapids Democrat.

He was one of the best newspaper men in the west.

From the Manistee Times and Standard.

He was one of the oldest and best known editors of the State.

From the Fort Gratiot Sun.

He was a man highly esteemed, whose void will be hard to fill.

From the Sanilac Jeffersonian.

With him goes out one of the brightest lights of Michigan journalism.

From the Cedar Springs Clipper.

Mr. GEORGE has stood for years at the head of the newspaper fraternity in this State.

From the Big Rapids Pioneer Magnet.

In his death the journalistic profession of Michigan loses one of its ablest and brightest members.

From the Manchester Enterprise.

The press loses a strong contemporary, the city a kind benefactor, and his family a loving genial protector.

From the Ann Arbor Register.

The death of W. S. GEORGE of Lansing removes one of Michigan's best known and most successful journalists.

From the Marshall Expounder.

Mr. GEORGE occupied a prominent position in the newspaper world, and his sudden death will be universally regretted.

From the Lapeer Clarion.

He was an able man in every respect, and probably had no superior as a political statistician. He acted well his part.

From the Pentwater News.

He who comes after him in the field thus left open must needs be an active business man and a sagacious journalist.

From the Ovid Register.

W. S. GEORGE, editor of the Lansing Republican, is dead. Industry, energy, and ability were prominent in his make-up.

From the Fremont Indicator.

Cut off in the prime of manhood, W. S. GEORGE will always be remembered as one of the ablest newspaper writers of his day.

From the Traverse Bay Eagle.

He was a man of high purpose, just and true in all his ways. The newspaper fraternity of Michigan will deeply regret his loss.

From the Ludington Record.

He was a just and honorable man, an indefatigable worker, and a successful journalist. We regret his taking off exceedingly.

From the Saginaw News.

The Lansing Republican comes to hand to-day dressed in turned-rule mourning for the late editor, W. S. GEORGE. The other State press do not mourn so conspicuously, but every newspaper man recognizes the loss of a journalistic leader in the death of the editor of the Republican.

From the Grand Ledge Independent.

In the death of Mr. GEORGE Lansing loses a good, enterprising citizen, and the republican party one of its ablest champions.

From the Chicago Times.

He was public spirited, and gave munificently to all charitable purposes and needy poor. He was never appealed to in vain.

From the Three Rivers Reporter.

He was one of the best newspaper men in the west. His age was 56, and he was worn out with incessant devotion to business.

From the Tuscola Pioneer.

Thus has fallen one of Michigan's leading journalists and active politicians. Few men have spent a more active or useful life.

From the Evart Review.

No man perhaps was more widely known, or more highly esteemed by the press throughout the State, and none will be more deeply lamented.

From the Hillsdale Business.

He was an able journalist, and thoroughly informed on State politics. His death will leave a void in the ranks of republican politicians of Michigan.

From the Huron Times.

The Lansing Republican comes to us in the deepest mourning for its editor and proprietor, W. S. GEORGE, one of the brightest lights in Michigan journalism.

From the Centreville Republican.

This is one of the greatest losses from among the press that Michigan could have sustained. Mr. GEORGE was recognized as one of the most vigorous writers in the northwest. He was an indomitable worker in any capacity which he undertook, and was highly respected by all who were acquainted with him for his many noble qualities.

From the Grand Traverse Herald.

Mr. GEORGE also held responsible positions in public life and society, and his conduct was always characterized by the staunchest integrity and uprightness.

From the Benton Harbor Times and Palladium.

His brain was never idle and his activity knew no bounds, but at last the over-worked frame succumbed and he has departed, leaving a host to mourn his loss.

From the Constantine Mercury.

He was an able writer and active, earnest republican who for years has held a leading position in the councils of the party, and will be sadly missed and mourned.

From the Leslie Local.

He was an example of what courageous, hard-working, self-reliant men may become in this country, and he will be sadly missed from the ranks of Michigan journalism.

From the Deaf-Mute Mirror.

We have heard so much of Mr. GEORGE and have read so many of his editorials that it seems to us as though we had lost a personal friend, although we never saw him.

From the Mason News

He was a methodical, honorable business man, and amassed a handsome competence. His private benefactions were many. He will be greatly missed in Lansing, Ingham county, and the State.

From the Northwestern Tribune.

Thus is added another to the list of Michigan's fallen heroes. Within a comparatively short time death has garnered a trio of the best statesmen and stalwart republicans, namely: Chandler, Bagley, and George. "Three immortal names, not born to die." It is doubtful if a man can be found in Michigan who can fill the place made vacant by the death of Mr. GEORGE, or wear his mantle with equal honor.

From the Schoolcraft County Pioneer.

Mr. GEORGE was one of the leading men of the State, a sound politician, and an honest man. His loss will be deeply felt in all the branches of society and business circles where he mingled.

From the Chesaning Argus.

Since the birth of the republican party he has ever been a staunch supporter of its cause. He was ranked among Michigan's best journalists, and the press of the State sustains a loss hard to fill.

From the Negaunee Herald.

The deceased was a ready writer, a veteran journalist, and used his talent in the course of truth and justice. He will be missed by the fraternity, as well as in social life and in the domestic circle.

From the Northern Tribune.

His death will be deeply regretted throughout the State and especially among the newspaper fraternity, with which he had been connected the greater part of his life and had reached the top round of the ladder.

From the Cassopolis Democrat.

We had the pleasure of a brief personal acquaintance with the deceased, and always found him a singularly sincere, unpretentious man, hating shams, a thorough practical printer, and an indefatigable worker.

From the Harbor Springs Republican.

In his death the republican party loses a faithful soldier, the fraternity a zealous and enterprising craftsman, the Northwestern Press Association a leading active member, and the temperance cause a true friend.

From the Lake City Journal.

In the death of W. S. GEORGE the journalistic fraternity of Michigan, and especially the Northwest Michigan Press Association of which he was an honorary member, loses one of its most brilliant and brightest stars.

From the Grand Rapids Leader.

He was a very strong partisan but not a bitter hater of his opponents personally. The death of Mr. GEORGE is a loss to the commonwealth, for he was a man of great energy, business capacity, and journalistic talent.

From the Oakland County Advertiser.

He was one of the most accomplished journalists in the State, and his paper has always been a model of typography. He was also a man of rare business capabilities, and one whose integrity was never questioned.

From the Agricultural College Speculum.

The College lost a warm friend in the death of W. S. GEORGE, editor of the Lansing Republican. He was often present at College exercises, and twice he lectured before the students. All had learned to admire and respect him.

From the Montcalm Herald.

There can be no doubt that WM. S. GEORGE was one of the most active brain workers in Michigan, engaged in the editorial work, and to this cause alone must be attributed his premature prostration and death at the age of 56.

From the Eaton Rapids Journal.

He was a gentleman in every respect, a public-spirited citizen, and an honor to his profession, and will be sadly missed by many in whose memory his influence as a man of rare ability and sterling integrity will long remain.

From the Boston Transcript.

In the death of Mr. GEORGE the State of Michigan has lost one of its best journalists; the city of Lansing one of its most public spirited and benevolent citizens. Throughout his whole life he bore a high character as a man of honor, purity, and business integrity. He was a steadfast friend, strong in convictions of duty, zealous in the cause of the wronged and oppressed, and an open and aggressive opponent of every form of evil in society.

From the Battle Creek Tribune.

He was an earnest, uncompromising republican, and wielded large influence in his party in this State, which will certainly miss his counsels. The press of Michigan owe him much for continued efforts to elevate the standard of its journalism.

From the Ypsilanti Commercial.

He was one of the leaders of our republican Israel, a man of great energy, industry, and foresight, honorable and incorruptible. We are reminded that we are passing on, and the work that is before us to do, we must do with all our might.

From the Three Rivers Tribune.

In 1869 he was selected to take charge of the State printing and has for 12 years conducted it with singular ability and integrity. Though never in office, his influence as a journalist as well as on journalism has been very great and very salutary.

From the Tuscola Advertiser.

He was born in Vermont in 1835, and from poverty and obscurity worked his way to deserved eminence in the councils of his State. His death, while yet in the flower of manhood, is a loss to our commonwealth which cannot be easily replaced.

From the Jackson Star.

Mr. GEORGE was a journalist of rare ability, and a charitable, benevolent, enterprising citizen. His loss to Lansing and the entire state will be great, and will be felt especially by the newspaperdom of the country, for he was a shining light in its circle.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The late WILLIAM S. GEORGE was one of the Michigan veterans in journalism. He had been identified with newspapers for upwards of forty of the fifty-six years of his life. During the past nineteen years he lived in Michigan. He was a man of extraordinary energy and had great executive ability. His death at fifty-six is no doubt largely attributable to his close and unremitting attention to business.

From the Cadillac News.

His absence from the counsels of the republican party in Michigan and from the ranks of the editorial profession will be felt. His life of 56 years was one of great activity, industry, usefulness, and success. All honor to the memory of WILLIAM S. GEORGE.

From the Bangor Advance.

Educators of the State feel as if they had lost a man whose voice and pen had often been effectually employed to promote the welfare of our public schools. For this reason the State Teachers' Association passed a memorial resolution in honor of the deceased.

From the Ann Arbor Argus.

Whatever were Mr. GEORGE's convictions, he permitted no half-way expressions. He was a stalwart and struck stalwart blows upon his opponents. His was probably the best example in Michigan of a poor, unaided boy working himself up to the head of the profession.

From the Ann Arbor Democrat.

In the death of W. S. GEORGE the Michigan press loses an esteemed and valuable member, an honor to the profession, and one whose like it will be hard to find. He left the Lansing Republican one of the best papers in the State, or even in the northwest. Peace to his ashes.

From the Big Rapids Current.

But an exceedingly busy life had literally worn him out. He did not rust out, nor was his life a failure. He proved by a worthy example that a boy may rise to a noble and successful manhood by his own unaided exertions. He was a tower of strength to the press of the State, and an almost indispensable counselor in the republican party in which he was a leader. From a personal and intimate acquaintance with him for years we had learned to esteem him highly and we feel deep sorrow at his death. His place in the State and at the editorial table will be hard to fill.

From the Marshall Statesman.

Thus has the press of Michigan lost one of its most honored, worthy, and capable members; the State a thorough business man, who had few equals: the city in which he lived a genial, whole-souled member of its society; and his family a kind, considerate, and generous companion and father.

From the Grand Rapids Eagle.

As an editor he is most widely known in and out of the State. His paper, under his management, has been a model in make-up, in condensation, and in force and influence among the best and staunchest republican journals. Everywhere he fulfilled the requirements of his position with the strictest integrity.

From the Monroe Commercial.

During his whole life he was a hard worker and won for himself a high rank among the journalists of this country. He took great interest in the cause of education and gave munificently for all charitable purposes. In his death the state loses a prominent and useful citizen, and the republican party a valuable leader.

From the St. Johns Republican.

He was well known in political circles, where he wielded a marked influence, and though he was a man of remarkable force of character, he was too unyielding and aggressive to reap for himself the highest rewards from the party for whose success he was a most zealous and able worker. He was one of the best informed politicians in Michigan.

From the Battle Creek Journal.

Mr. GEORGE has long held a high rank among the journalists of our State, and also in the republican party, of whose principles he was an earnest, able, and influential champion. He was a man of peculiarly strong convictions, great independence of character, and a remarkably forcible writer. In Michigan politics, and also in national, he has exerted a wide and commanding influence, and his death will awaken very general regret from men of all parties.

From the Cassopolis Vigilant.

He was a prominent figure in Michigan politics and progress, will be widely missed and generally mourned. A self-made man, his life had been spent in printing offices and his best energies had always been exercised for the right. He died of the American disease—over-work. All who ever knew him respected him, and those who knew him best loved him.

From the Owosso Times.

Mr. GEORGE had been connected with the press of Michigan for nearly a quarter of a century, and was one of the ablest journalists in the country, as well as one of the most sagacious and reliable party leaders. His death, caused by over-work, makes a vacancy hard to fill in the ranks of the journalists of the country and the republican leaders of the State.

From the Vicksburg Monitor.

No one who ever met Mr. GEORGE will forget the kindly greeting he gave to members of the craft, whether they were connected with city dailies or cross-road foolscap sheets. In his death the State press loses one of its most honored and valued members; one, the memory of whose kindness will remain a sweet recollection in the hearts of the whole fraternity.

From the Detroit Post and Tribune.

He was a shrewd and successful business man, methodical in his manner, careful in management and quick to see and take advantage of opportunity. He was, from the first, active in republican politics, a frequent delegate to conventions, an efficient member of State and county committees, and a prudent adviser. Notwithstanding the pressure brought upon him by an active business and political life, Mr. GEORGE found time for a large amount of miscellaneous reading, and was a thoughtful and entertaining companion in general society. He had quite a taste for historical and antiquarian research, and had gathered one of the best collections, yet made, of books and pamphlets relating to the history of Michigan and the northwest. A sketch of the leading events of his life is given in another part of this paper.

From the Sturgis Journal.

An exceedingly busy life had literally worn him out. He did not rust out, nor was his life a failure. He proved by a worthy example that a boy may rise to a noble and successful manhood by his own unaided exertions. He was a tower of strength to the press of the state, and an almost indispensable counselor in the republican party, in which he was a leader.

From the Ionia Standard.

He made the Republican the handsomest and ablest republican newspaper published in the State. He was a clear, incisive writer, and his editorials fairly bristled with pungent points, pertinent facts, and luminous argument. The writer met him only once, but he will always cherish the kind words of advice the old warhorse gave him in a brief conversation about journalism.

From the Northern Mail.

He was a practical printer, and a man of keen, practical business views. He was a man of the true Puritan Yankee type, and worked up from the lowest round of the ladder by a fearless self-reliance which few possess. His example has helped materially to improve the tone and business methods of Michigan journalism. His death will be mourned by the entire fraternity throughout the State.

From the Saginawian.

Mr. GEORGE was a practical printer who had raised himself up from the lowest round of the ladder; a gentleman well informed upon all practical subjects; a radical to an unreasonable extent in politics, but outspoken often times against the practices of his own party. He carried none of the bitterness of his political opinions into his personal relations with the brethren of the press, but was among the fraternity one of its best-respected, courteous, and considerate members. He was a strong, often times acrimonious, writer; a square man and a superb printer and journalist; in his death the State, the fraternity, and especially his many friends have met with a loss that is irreparable.

From the Farwell Register.

Mr. GEORGE led a good and useful life, and has helped many a young man to rise in life. He will be missed in this State. Religiously, Mr. GEORGE was a consistent liberalist, or free thinker, and was much opposed to all manner of priestcraft and superstition, and was a strong temperance man and in favor of all moral reforms. As a brain worker there were but few greater in this country. By his death the writer loses one of his best friends.

From the Ontonagon Miner.

He began life a poor boy, was a self-made man in as literal a sense as that term can be applied to any man, and died not unknown to fame and leaving a handsome estate. He was a man of liberal views, and great benevolence. "He believed in the doctrine that the one sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is man, and he was ever ready to defend the rights of the worthy down-trodden." A force for good, both in journalism and politics, has departed with WM. S. GEORGE.

From the Coldwater Republican.

He belonged to that class of respectable journalists whose aim was always something better and higher. It was his controlling mind that was always seen throughout the columns of his paper. He gathered about him hard-working, faithful men, whom he educated into his methods, as far as he could, and then trusted them. Mr. GEORGE was possessed of much nervous vigor which always grasped facts, the influential journalist's strongest fort, and made them count in support of ideas. He had a tenacious memory for such facts, and his library in the office was composed of such works as furnished these facts. He had the true student's idea in using books. They were not so much lumber to be worked over once and then thrown aside. They were rather the carpenter's tools, each tool to be used in its proper place and then put back until again wanted. No man ever took more pride in his work than did Mr. GEORGE. He always desired to excel. He, tried, in all his work of improvement, to impress himself upon the journalism of Michigan.

From the Clinton and Shiawassee Union.

He was a man of acknowledged ability in the newspaper field, and had, by and through his own exertions, from poverty and hardships in early life, accumulated a handsome fortune. Mr. GEORGE was a terse, logical writer; firm and steadfast in all principles pertaining to the right, as he saw and understood them, and a foe in opposition to all that was oppressive or wrong, and not humane or just. Peace to his ashes; his life was a success, his death will be regretted by many who knew him but to admire.

From the Grand Haven Sentinel.

Mr. GEORGE was 56 years old, and had, from his earliest manhood, been the uncompromising foe of all that was wrong, and the staunch friend of the right. He has been connected with the Springfield Republican, Detroit Tribune, and the Lansing Republican, all papers which fought the battles of freedom with a power that made their names known as far and wide as the boundaries of the country. Personally Mr. GEORGE was a pleasant gentleman, ever guided by the highest sense of honor, a devoted husband, affectionate father, and dutiful son. His labors for the republican party will make him honored and remembered long.

From the Battle Creek Good Health.

Mr. GEORGE has for many years exerted a very wide influence in political affairs, though seldom in office himself, and never in the position of an office-seeker. Through his arduous labors he became broken down prematurely, and last fall made arrangements to withdraw for a time from active labor. He was a man whose faithfulness to his friends attached him to them most closely, while he was a terror to his enemies on account of the caustic sarcasm of his trenchant criticisms. During the few years we have enjoyed his personal acquaintance, we have come to regard him more and more highly as a man of unimpeachable integrity, an earnest advocate of temperance, sobriety, and all good reforms, and a promoter of the general good. Such men are scarce. Each one who falls leaves a vacuum behind which cannot easily be filled.

From the Port Huron Times.

The Republican is Mr. GEORGE's monument, built in his lifetime; and although we cannot commend to the living generation of newspaper workers the same sacrifice that he made for the sake of such a monument, we cannot but admire it and respect the man whose life's work has been so suddenly cut short. He was the most thorough and industrious newspaper man Michigan has ever known. His death will be universally mourned among the newspaper fraternity, as well as among a host of friends and admirers outside of his particular calling.

From the Allegan Journal.

He had a thorough comprehension of the mission and power of the press and a wonderful faculty for the condensation of news, and could throw more ideas in a briefer space than any man we ever knew. He could write a lengthy article with equal facility. The Lansing Republican under his editorship has been the model state paper of Michigan. Scarcely any occurrence of moment, local, state, national, or foreign but what had a brief mention in the Republican. He always punctured humbuggery, rebuked hypocrisy, and had a good word to say for every really benevolent cause. He was a practical temperance man while no prohibitionist, always fair in political discussions, giving the points of his opponents before confuting them. Like Greeley he was a close reasoner and wasted no space in summing up his arguments.

We have known Michigan's great and lamented journalist for nearly twenty years, and can say of him that a more upright and honorable man never lived; he was a true friend and zealous worker, genial and kind hearted. He was quiet and reticent in his disposition and made but few confidants. Although a politician from his boyhood he was never an aspirant for office. He was, however, a great political organizer, having, during his residence in Michigan, served as a member of the republican state central committee as well as chairman of the Ingham county committee. He was likewise a delegate to the republican national convention of 1876.

In his death we lose a sincere and warm friend, and his immediate relatives have our sincere sympathy in the great loss that has befallen them.

From the Alcona Review.

Mr. GEORGE was one of those journalistic lights which shone brightly, and we may truthfully say was a model in his profession. He was a self-made man in every sense which the word implies, and one of the hardest working newspaper men, as well also as one of the pleasantest, which we ever came in contact with. The greatest success of his life was the successful management of his own business, which many thought to be almost perfection. But the good man has been gathered to his final rest.

From the St. Louis Leader.

He was an honorable, conscientious, prompt man in all his dealings with individuals or the State, and his place in the political and newspaper ranks of this State will be hard to fill. Many a young man in Michigan who has received from him advice, encouragement, and kind words (and he was never too busy to give those to any who deserved them), will long cherish with pleasure the aid thus rendered him. In official and business relations we have been so closely connected with him for the past eight years, that we feel the loss as we would that of a long-cherished and warm personal friend and relative. His has been a busy, useful life, and "he sleeps well."

From the Pontiac Gazette.

His was a fine-brained, nervous organization, which he kept at its utmost tension all his life, and about four months since the flues of life collapsed and he was taken to Old Point Comfort in hopes of recuperating his worn-out energies, and returned a few weeks since apparently rested. On Tuesday he was taken with a chill and died in a few hours. He was one of the hardest of hard workers from boyhood, both mentally and physically. In all his private life he was a hard-working, pure man, and took great pride in the profession which he adorned, and to which he gave his life. He leaves a vacancy in the ranks of the editorial profession of Michigan which few men can fill.

From the Kalamazoo Telegraph.

The death of W. S. GEORGE removes from the ranks of Michigan journalism a man who has done a great deal to develop its character and impress it with an individuality. He was a man who had to contend with severely adverse circumstances in early life. From this he acquired a discipline in overcoming difficulties that constituted a most valuable education. His career was one of remarkable success. It was a triumph of industry, a good example of what every young workingman may hope to attain if he is willing to sacrifice his good times of the present to that diligent pursuit of his business which creates eminent success in the future. Mr. GEORGE had attained a handsome property and a personal influence that made him one of the prominent citizens of his State. He was a man of unyielding conviction and great devotion to the duties of his business and of the public service. Under his management the State printing was of a quality that had almost no equals in work of the same class in other States. His loss will be widely felt.

From the Press and Type.

It is with sorrow that we have to record the death of our old friend and customer, W. S. GEORGE, of Lansing, Mich. He was a man of sterling integrity and remarkable purity of life. All his business transactions were honorable in the highest degree, and he left the record of a man, honored, successful, and free from any stain or taint on his character. He started in life at the case, and by close attention to business, and a determination to rise, he soon occupied a responsible editorial position with the late Samuel Bowles, at Springfield, Mass. Coming west, he first settled in Detroit, and afterwards at Lansing, where he established the finest printing office in Central Michigan. His paper, the Lansing Republican, has been a power in the politics of the State and nation. He was State printer at the time and for a number of years previous to his death. He was also president of the Central savings bank, and was connected with a number of institutions, business and charitable. His death was a great loss to the community in which he lived, and to the profession of which he was such an honored member—journalism.

Tributes of Private Friendship.

TELEGRAMS.

GRAND RAPIDS, Dec. 28, 1881.

Both public and private loss. Convey to Mrs. George and family my sympathy.

MOREAU S. CROSBY.

Lieutenant Governor.

BATTLE CREEK, Dec. 27, 1881.

N. F. HANDY, Esq.:—I am in deep sorrow at the death of my friend. Present sympathy and condolence to the bereaved family.

V. P. COLLIER.

LETTERS.

GRAND RAPIDS, Dec. 28, 1881.

MRS. GEORGE:

Madam,—I have already telegraphed my sympathy for you and yours in this hour of deep affliction, and desire to further express it in this brief note. For many years I have known your husband, and but to think more and more of him with each passing one. And I speak of him now, not merely from a political but, I trust, a general friendship that has grown up between us. In the busy life he led I have watched a manly generous purpose, and with yourself, family, and friends, desire to be considered one of the mourners at his side.

With much esteem I am now

Respectfully yours,

MOREAU S. CROSBY.

"God's finger touched him and he slept."

LANSING, Jan. 2, 1882.

MY DEAR MRS. GEORGE:—It is not necessary for me to assure you that you have my heartfelt sympathy at this, your time of great affliction, for you know that the casket which contains the remains of your dear husband holds also the ashes of him who was one of the truest, best, and most unselfish friends I ever had.

As his legal adviser for several years before his death, my business relations with him were such, that we were together more or less almost every day, except when one or the other was absent from home.

His sense of justice and his love of liberty were leading traits of his character. Scrupulously honest in business, he won the esteem of all who dealt with him. He was generous towards those whom he employed, and many excellent citizens of Lansing date the beginning of their business success to his encouragement and substantial aid. Many are the happy homes whose foundations were laid by his assistance and whose fires have been kept burning brightly by the generous wages paid by him for the labor of their owners.

Others will speak of his greatness as an editor, his hatred of oppression and wrong, his fearless defense of his country in times of danger, his political sagacity, and his championship of every good cause. These things are known and recognized by all who knew him. In all of these things he was preëminent, and his influence for good was bounded by no state lines, nor will it be limited to the age in which he lived, for he has left indelible

“Footprints on the sands of time.”

I wish to speak of him only as a friend, a philanthropist, and a man, for “He was a man take him all in all.”

He was my friend, and I shall ever be proud that he was such. I never expect to find another in whom, under all circumstances and at all times, I can more fully trust.

His sound judgment, his generous impulses, and his warm and disinterested nature made him more valuable as a friend than most men can be.

Especially was he a friend of the poor and oppressed. He was always ready and willing to give of his substance to aid any who were in affliction and to contribute liberally to any

object which he considered worthy and calculated to benefit the "common people."

He had a kind word for all who in any walk of life were trying to make an honorable name and attain an honorable position in society, and many a poor boy *felt* as well as knew his kindness of heart.

Politicians often criticised his acts, for in his political contests he was a foeman worthy the best steel of his opponents, but even those who differed from him most gave him credit for being honest in his convictions.

His integrity was seldom questioned even by those who opposed him most.

The greatest in the State respected him for they knew his merits and had felt his power. The worthy poor loved him for they knew that in him they had a friend in whom they could trust.

At his funeral the highest officers of State and the humblest laborers in the city mingled their tears for they felt that all good citizens had sustained a common loss.

Immediately after his death many incidents occurred showing how the *people* loved him. Little tokens of their love were contributed in various ways while the preparations for the funeral were being made.

While at the family residence the day before the funeral, a poor but very worthy laboring man called me to the door and said: "I have called to pay my respects. Mr. GEORGE was a good man; *he always spoke to me*," and then in the gentlest manner possible asked to see the remains. They were shown him, and while tears were coursing down his cheeks he uttered a choked "thank you," and walked away.

An old colored man who had once been a slave, called and said: "We colored people remember how much Mr. GEORGE did for us," and added that they had been having a "little meeting" and had concluded to attend his funeral as they wanted to show their appreciation of his character and services. Before he left he called me to one side and asked: "Would it be thought improper if I should wear some little badge of mourning when I attend the funeral? I am a mourner and would like to do so." When informed that he might do so if he wished, tears filled his eyes and as he left me I thought

that such tributes offered by loving hearts were of more value than monuments, and statues, and kingly titles.

One of the early and active laborers in the anti-slavery cause, his voice never faltered nor his pen never failed to do its office until the shackles fell from the limbs of the last slave in his native land.

He was equally earnest, active, and efficient in the cause of temperance, and made his efforts felt on the side of sobriety and good citizenship.

He was too great to be a bigot in religion or a fanatic in politics. He entertained liberal views on all great questions and willingly accorded to others that freedom of opinion which he demanded for himself.

He was a patriot. He loved his country as he loved his life. He loved it because it was a republic and gave freedom to its citizens. He defended it with all his strength and died in the full belief that under the new regime liberty and our Union were perpetually established "one and inseparable."

His domestic surroundings were happy, and no one can more than half appreciate his worth who did not see him at his home surrounded by his family and witness his efforts to make all happy around his hearthstone.

His evenings were almost always spent with his family unless pressing business engagements prevented. When he had thrown off the business cares of the day, which he had a rare faculty of doing, and joined the happy family circle of which he was unconsciously the central figure, he seemed forgetful of himself in his efforts to make others happy.

Towards his wife and her mother he was all that a devoted husband and son could be. In his intercourse with his children he was at once their playmate, friend, and teacher. It was in his home that he showed at his best and it was there that his eminent goodness was most conspicuous.

While I mourn with you the loss of his society and companionship, I am proud of his record, which is a legacy more precious to his wife and children than would be the accumulated wealth of a hundred kings.

Please accept my sympathy and believe me

Your fellow mourner and friend,

N. F. HANDY.

LAPEER, MICH., Dec. 30, 1881.

HON. WM. VAN BUREN, Lansing,

Dear Sir:—Before your letter came I had learned with regret and sorrow of the death of Mr. GEORGE. I had heard such favorable accounts of the improved condition of his health, that I hoped he would long be spared to a life of usefulness and honor. I have long regarded him as one of the ablest men I knew, a man of strong convictions, but a just man. In his death we have all suffered a great loss. Will you kindly present to Mrs. George, from Mrs. Moore and myself, an expression of our sympathy for her in her great bereavement.

I am sir,

Yours very truly,

J. B. MOORE.

ST. JOHNS, MICH., Jan. 5, 1882.

MRS. W. S. GEORGE,

Dear Madam:—I can no longer restrain my inclination to offer sympathy in the terrible affliction that has befallen you. I feel deeply, more deeply than I can write, the terrible loss. I feel as if I had lost my best friend. The almost daily contact of over a dozen years of active work, often of a pains-taking kind, that required mutual oversight and scrutiny, brought us to a better understanding than mere fellow workers, and not until I heard that the half-expected and dreaded summons had been made and answered, did I realize how great the loss, and how "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." It was a blessing to have known your husband and to have felt the kindly impulse of his friendship. I shall always look back with pleasurable feelings to the many years of toilsome days and protracted nights that I have passed with him,—nor ever forget the many kind and encouraging words and acts of friendship that came so gracefully from him, and which I desire here to acknowledge.

Were Mrs. Stephenson here she would join in sympathy for you and also for your mother, who, I am sure, suffers the loss as keenly as yourself, but she is not,—and I am writing this against her consent, having but partially recovered from a dangerous illness—which may account for any incoherencies you may find.

In conclusion I desire to assure you of my continued friendship for you and yours, and to express myself ready to serve you at any time, whenever in my power.

Sincerely and sorrowfully yours,
JNO. H. STEPHENSON.

739 JEFFERSON AVENUE, DETROIT,
January 2, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND, MRS. GEORGE:

It is with a heart full of deepest sympathy that I come to you to-day in these sad hours of your great bereavement. As we had recently learned through Detroit friends that Mr. GEORGE had returned from his trip much improved in health, we were wholly unprepared for the sad tidings of the death of your dear husband.

We can scarcely realize that his earthly mission has been fulfilled so early, and that he is now numbered with those that have gone before.

I feel that no feeble words of mine can offer you any comfort in these trying hours; but I cannot refrain from extending my sympathy to you and your family, trusting that you may feel that although separated from your friends they have been with you in spirit.

"*He giveth his beloved sleep*" and to Him alone can you look for comfort and strength to bear this great affliction. Yes,

"He sees when their footsteps falter,
When their hearts grow weak and faint,
He marks when their strength is failing,
And listens to each complaint;
He bids them rest for a season,
For the pathway has grown too steep;
And folded in fair green pastures,
He giveth His loved ones sleep."

"*He giveth it.*"

Yes, the earthly life is ended and he sleeps. The world will miss him sadly from his accustomed place, his friends will miss his genial smile, kind words, and hospitable welcome; but the home fireside will miss the tender husband, the loving father, and the devoted son, ah, more than words can tell.

But what is our loss is his gain. 'Tis sad to part from those we love, yet 'tis only for a little time ere we shall all be reunited in that happy land where parting is unknown, and

“ Though thy heart be sore and bleeding
From thy treasure called to part,
Comes there not to thee this message—
‘ I am nigh the broken heart?’ ”

Remember me with loving sympathy to your dear, good mother, whom God has mercifully spared to be your earthly comfort and solace in these sorrowing hours. She loved him with all the tenderness of a mother's heart, and her grief will also be deep, but with her beautiful faith she will look beyond this vale of tears and say “Thy will, not mine.”

Father, mother, and Henrietta desire their loving remembrances to you all.

With love believe me

Ever your sincere friend,

HATTIE E. FARNSWORTH.

218 STATE, ROOM 21, CHICAGO,
January 10, 1882.

MRS. GEORGE AND MRS. PAPINEAU,

My Dear Friends,—Several times since I learned of the terrible affliction that has befallen you, have I seated myself to write and express my sympathy, and as many times have I left my letter unfinished and unsent. Even now my heart almost fails me. I know that your secretaries are filled with letters of condolence, for the departed one numbered his friends by the thousands. I well know, from bitter experience, the uselessness of words to give consolation, but I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart. We, ourselves, feel bereaved. I cannot say to my friends “do not weep for the loved one.” It is right to weep; shed oceans of tears, if necessary for relief. But I know that you will try to bear up under this affliction for the sake of the little ones left in your charge, who will never be allowed to feel the loss of father or mother. He is gone. A family has lost a beloved

member; a city mourns the loss of an honest, upright, enterprising citizen, and a State mourns the loss of a leader. You can well exclaim: Well done, thou good and faithful servant!

How I long to hear all the particulars in detail. Shall be very glad indeed to hear from you whenever your feelings prompt you to write.

I have just had a severe attack of lung congestion, and although I am convalescing, am still quite feeble.

Yours in love and sympathy,

S. F. SUMMERS.

DETROIT, Dec. 27, 1881.

GEO. JEROME, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—Will you please present to the family of the late W. S. GEORGE our heartfelt sympathies in their bereavement. You cannot but be aware of our knowledge of Mr. GEORGE'S sterling worth and ability; it is a loss not easily replaced to the State, and those who looked to him for aid and support.

Yours very truly,

RICHMOND, BACKUS & CO.

STONEHAM, MASS., Dec. 29th, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

I heard through Mrs. Ripley of your most painful bereavement and extend my heartfelt sympathy to you all. The kind and faithful husband, the devoted son, and loving father, has been taken away and in your bleeding hearts is a pain that only time and submission to heaven's will can cure. It is impossible for you now to say "Thy will, not mine, be done," but in time you may if you try faithfully to learn the lesson of your great sorrow. It is through severe chastisement that our natures are refined and purified and made to yield the fruits of righteousness. God's ways we cannot fathom, but his purposes are wise and good. Trust him in this your hour of darkness and it will turn to day. The toiling, busy life is ended and the weary one is at rest. How many there

are who will mourn the loss of a faithful friend. You should indeed be thankful so noble a life was yours to enjoy, even though it makes the pain of parting harder.

Let me hear from you when you feel like writing.

Your sympathizing friend,
D. ROWEN.

ELBA, MICH., Dec. 27, 9:30 A. M., 1881.

N. F. HANDY, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—Your dispatch of this morning received. I am greatly surprised and shocked at the sad news contained. When I parted with him in Richmond I had the strongest hopes of his restoration to health and usefulness. Please extend my sincere sympathies to the bereaved family in their terrible bereavement. I should like to be informed as to the arrangements for the funeral at as early an hour as possible, as I wish to attend and I have several engagements for the week which will have to be disposed of.

Yours truly,
JOHN T. RICH.

FENTONVILLE, Dec. 28, 1881.

OUR DEAR FRIENDS:

We were taken wholly by surprise when we read in the paper of last evening of the death of Mr. GEORGE. May the dear Lord comfort and support you all, is our sincere prayer. Would that we could in some way minister personally for your relief. Let us know if there *is* any way in which we can do so. In the meantime accept our sincere condolence and believe us ever your devoted friends.

THOS. AND RUTH WRIGHT.

MUSKEGON, MICH., Jan. 6, 1882.

DEAR MRS. GEORGE:

I want to express to you, and to your mother, and to the children also, my personal sorrow at the loss of Mr. GEORGE.

I wish I had known him years sooner than I did. I think I never was acquainted with a more conscientious and noble man. I shall always think of him with the deepest satisfaction and gratitude. I think he must have been like the one Pope speaks of, who

“ Calmly looked on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd heaven that he had lived and that he died.”

Will you all accept my heart-felt sympathy in this sable hour. God bless and comfort you, every one.

Sincerely,

F. E. KITTREDGE.

In addition to the foregoing tributes, the family received many messages and letters from loving friends who had personally known Mr. GEORGE, and admired his noble traits of character. Unbounded sympathy and condolence were expressed, but lack of space forbids the publication of these valued testimonials.

Memorial Resolutions.

On Feb. 7, 1882, the republican committee of Ingham county met and passed the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, Since the last meeting of this committee death has deprived us of our chairman, W. S. GEORGE, who for the past three years has so ably and creditably discharged the duties incumbent on that position, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the republican county committee of Ingham county sincerely deplore his death and appreciate the great loss we have sustained.

Resolved, That his ability, foresight, and experience, together with his untiring zeal, unquestioned reliability as a republican, combined to make him a man whose counsel and opinions were respected and valued.

Resolved, That notwithstanding we are now deprived of his advice and judgment, yet we call to mind with pride and satisfaction the campaigns of the past that we have fought under his directions and came off victorious.

Resolved, That the sympathy of this committee be extended to his family and friends.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished his family and published in the republican papers throughout the county.

At a meeting of the republican State central committee, held at Kalamazoo, Aug. 29, 1882, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased divine Providence to remove from our midst our companion and co-worker, W. S. GEORGE;

Resolved, That by his death the republican party and republican principles lose one of their capable advocates; the State of Michigan an honored and eminent citizen, and the republican State central committee an efficient officer;

Resolved, That our most profound sympathies are excited and are hereby earnestly extended to his wife and family, the partners of his life, who alone can realize the extent of their bereavement.

In Memoriam.

W. S. GEORGE, DIED DEC. 27, 1881.

DEDICATED TO THE BEREAVED FAMILY.

Come softly to the waiting earth
Sweet resurrection of the year,
And bring thy sunshine and soft winds
To hearts that sit in darkness here.

Come with thy garlands and thy songs
And from their home the phantoms chase.
Shall sorrow wail among the flowers,
And tear drops hide the new year's grace?

When he they loved, for whom they weep,
Has gained the blessed shores of rest,
Where disappointment entereth not,
And sorrow is an unknown guest.

Beyond the sea of mysteries,
Beyond their tears, beyond their prayers,
He rests, who only yesterday
Bore heavily earth's toils and cares.

Who in the thickest of the fray
Stood ever bravely in the front,
Who shrank not from life's missiles fierce
But bore unmoved the battle's brunt.

Who fought for principle, not fame,
Who sowed that other hands might reap,
And left his children a rare dower,
Better than gems or gold to keep

Sacred as life, through coming years,
The dower of an unsullied name,
Beside which learning, honor, wealth,
Are empty baubles cold and tame.

Great temples grow not in a night,
By fiat of the artist's will,
But slowly rise they stone by stone,
Cemented by the master's skill.

So noble lives are rounded up
By toil and good deeds nobly done;
Who wins the mastery of self
May deem a royal victory won.

When such a spirit doth escape
From its dull tencement of clay
We know it leaves a prison dark
To enter realms of endless day,

Leaving its sorrows all behind,
Laying its cares and burdens down,
Dropping in joy its earthly cross
To take up life's eternal crown.

Ah! songs of triumph were more meet,
When closes such a life, than tears,
Brave songs, whose echoes should resound
Through cycles of the coming years.

Then, as departs the winter's gloom,
Bid sorrow from your hearts begone,
Be glad with the rejoicing year,
And make its royal hopes your own.

And when the Easter morning dawns,
Clasp hands once more with blessed faith,
Remembering o'er the river dark,
On heaven's fair shores, there is no death.

LANSING, March 27, 1882.

H. S.

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